

A Life So Precious

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Category: Water Rats

Genre: Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-04-30 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-04-30 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 16:52:22

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,631

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A sequel to A Day In The Life, only Rachel isn't dead. An emotional piece, and the only one like this I've written!

A Life So Precious

*Disclaimer: Poor Rachel doll. I do give her one hell of an emotional beating, don't I? Frank doll and Rachel doll finally found joy though. I've hired their limos and ordered the flowers. Wow. Hal, I'm only borrowing them for a little while, just a teensy weensy while... They'll be all better when I return them to you. In short, if you find anything bad in here, and want to sue me, don't coz I'll sue you first. Heeheehehahaha.....

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Author's Note: Man, this one was emotionally distressing to write, but I managed! PLEASE tell me what you think! Write to me at sydneygirl2b@hotmail.com okay? Thanks! Swear words... I don't think there are any! Shock horror!

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>Rachel sat in her courtyard pondering her life. She had a permanent reminder now of how delicate life was, the large wound in her abdomen. She'd been released from hospital only a few days ago, and had been enjoying her peace and quiet, though it had come with a cost - she was in constant pain. She stared into the sunset, wondering why it was always different. Then she looked at the flowers, and the bees making their late night rush for pollen. She sighed heavily, then winced with the sharp jab of pain that came with it. Her life was such a shambles; yet it was also in perfect order... did that make sense? She sat there pondering for a while more, staring at the puffy clouds drifting across the summer sky. Her blue eyes were the only sign of her pain. They no longer gleamed, but seemed slightly hazy. Her pale face was glowing yellow with the last rays of the sun. She shivered slightly in the cool night air. "I'd better go inside." Rachel thought to herself, then prepared herself for the torturous task of getting up. She grabbed her crutches that she used for support and slid forward gently on the park bench. She moaned as she

slid her weight off the seat, a pain-filled moan. She gasped as she felt her wound move. But she was alright. She was going to survive. She slowly straightened up, the pain taking her breath away. She made a mental note to take more painkillers. Slowly she dragged her weary, pain-wracked body inside, and went to the kitchen. She decided that she wouldn't be able to stand for long, so she took out a packet of pasta. She tried to bend down to get the microwave safe bowl, but she couldn't. Suddenly her helplessness hit her, and it hit her hard. She couldn't do anything for herself anymore. She'd been so strong, so carefree. She'd taken everything for granted. Now she may never be as strong as she had been again, so bad was her muscle damage. Rachel felt her eyes getting hot. She looked up and tried to force her tears away. No, she was Rachel Goldstein, she didn't cry, not even in tough times. But that was no use. She burst into tears, falling weakly onto the bench. She was such a burden. She should've died. She couldn't even make herself some pasta for goodness' sake! Rachel's arm reached for the phone. She didn't control it, it just did it. Speed dial 2 - Frank. The phone buzzed, and Rachel tried to keep herself together. "Holloway?" Frank answered, his voice muffled.
"Frank... I... I..." Rachel collapsed into tears again, sobbing uncontrollably.

>"Rach, you okay? Oh, jeez Rach! Honey, it's okay! What's wrong? Have you fallen?" Frank's voice was a comfort in itself.
Rachel just sniffed and sighed.

>"Hey, I'll be right over. You had dinner?" Frank asked gently.
"No... I couldn't..." Rachel began, but the lump in her throat stopped her from going on.

>"I'll bring over a gourmet dinner then. Pizza and beer? Oh, no alcohol, painkillers. Chinese meal and coke?" Frank suggested cheerfully.
"Yeah..." Rachel sniffed gratefully.

>"I'll be there in ten, okay? Will you be alright? I've got my mobile." Frank said reassuringly.
"Yeah... and Frank?" she sniffed.

>"Yeah?"
"Thanks." Rachel could feel Frank's smile through the phone.

>"Anytime mate." Frank said warmly.
"Bye Frank."

>"Yeah, bye."
Rachel listened to the dial tone for a few minutes, then hung it up slowly. She pulled herself off the bench and hobbled over to her couch. She lowered herself onto it, then decided she'd be most comfortable lying down. She watched the news for a few minutes, but she was so tired. Her eyelids became heavy, and soon she fell into a deep, merciful sleep. Painless and dreamless, not the nightmare of reliving that night in the power station as she had so many times.

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Frank knocked twice, but having received no answer he quickly pulled Rachel's spare key out from between the weatherboards and the light by the front door. Frank quickly opened the door and walked in, shutting the door quietly behind him. He wandered into the kitchen, food under his arm, and put it on the bench. He went to find Rachel, wondering if she was okay. He stepped into the lounge. She was sleeping peacefully on the couch, her hand nursing her wound. Frank knelt beside her and stroked her hair gently, then kissed her on her forehead, breathing in the smell of her shampoo. He smiled and decided to leave her in peace, the dinner could always be reheated. Frank knew she would need him when she woke up, so he decided to watch the TV. He leaned on the couch where Rachel was asleep, and watched the TV patiently.

>Rachel stirred at 11pm. She forced her tired eyes open. She looked down to find Frank asleep, propped up on the couch with his head on

her shoulder. She would usually have yelled at him but she was in no mood to this time, so she smiled gently. "Frank?" she whispered, watching his innocent face.
Frank stirred slightly, and slowly opened his eyes to find Rachel staring down at him with a small smile on her face. "Hey!" Frank smiled warmly, "You hungry? I sure am."

>"Yeah, ravenous." Rachel smiled sadly.
"Don't move." Frank got up off the floor and went into the kitchen. He shoved something in the microwave, and after a few minutes the beep sounded. Frank pulled the Chinese meal out of the microwave, and dished it up on the plates he'd just got out. He then got out the wineglasses and poured some coke into each. He placed their dinners on a tray, and proudly walked out into the lounge with them. "Dinner is served." Frank said, pretending to be a butler or something.

>"Don't make me laugh, Frank! It hurts!" Rachel groaned after a single giggle.
"Sorry. Can you eat it yourself?" Frank asked, offering her a fork.

>"What, are you offering to digest it for me now Francis? I'm not *that* desperate." Rachel smiled, her sarcasm lighting up her face.
"You doing okay?" Frank asked, genuinely worried about her.

>"No." Rachel said bluntly.
"Oh."

>"I can't do anything, Frank! I can't cook, I can't get my own mail! I can't work! Even showering is an achievement in itself. I'm not bloody coping!" Rachel said bluntly, hot tears rolling in rivers down her colourless cheeks.
"I'm moving in then." Frank said quickly.

>"What?" Rachel sniffed.
"I've been thinking about it for ages, Rach! I've been suspecting you weren't doing too well, but you're too bloody stubborn to admit it!" Frank said gently, mopping up Rachel's tears with his clean hanky.

>Rachel just cried. She didn't want Frank to stop his bloody life because of her, that's the last thing she wanted. "Frank..." Rachel began, trying to pull herself together.
"No, I know what you're gonna say. You're going to tell me not to put my life on hold for your sake. But Rachel, don't you see? I'm not. You are my life. I've loved you since the day I met you. We haven't even so much as kissed, but I love you. I want to be with you Rachel, I want to marry you. Would you be my wife? Please?" Frank burst, tears forming in his eyes.

>Rachel was flabbergasted. Her heart leapt. She'd felt the same way for so long. She thought it over quickly. Then she realised it was what she'd always wanted, her husband to be her best friend. And maybe the fact that Frank was so different to all of the others she'd loved meant that he was right for her. "Yes..." Was all she managed to squeak before dissolving into tears once more.
Frank grabbed his new FiancÃe gently and held her to his body, cherishing the fact that he was with her. They stayed like that for ages, Rachel clinging onto his shirt as if she'd never let go. He couldn't believe it. She wanted him too. And now they could be together forever, like he'd wished so many times when he'd rushed back from Tahiti to be with her after the stabbing. And now it had become

>reality.

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Wow, what a weird piece of fluff. Romance, eh? Eesh. Well, this one almost brought tears to my eyes while I was writing it. It felt weird writing it, because it was almost like I was Rachel!!! I was trapped in her mind... Wow. Hope you enjoyed it! I sure did! Feedback to sydneygirl2b@hotmail.com please!!!

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file.